POETRY

From the Anti-Corn-Law League.

A LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

'Tis a cold and gloomy winter's day,
Heavy and damp with fog;
And a squalid wretch on the pavement way
Is crouching down like a dog:—
Like a poor and famished dog that now,
Neither cart nor truck may draw,
That squalid wretch with care-worn brow,
Puts forth his skeleton paw.

On the surface flat of the pavement stone—
Cleansed with his ragged cuff—
He chalks, he chalks, with moan and with groan,
Sketching his work in the rough,
Chalking—chalking—chalking away,
Characters fair, in colors gay;
A record of misery, talent, and want,
With hungry belly and fingers gaunt.

Passengers hurry, hurry along,
With sorrowful heart, or gay;
Rich and poor—a motley throng—
Pass over the pavement away:
But none, save the needy, slacken their speed,
To gaze on the writing there;
None, but the wretched, can tarry to read
That famished wretch's prayer.

He has chalked and chalked all his chalk away,
Making the very pavement pray;
And show us how stones may come out in print,
To soften with pity *men's hearts of flint.*
Mockery!—cruel mockery all!
In a land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While *Christians starve on the stones!*

One word!—only *one*—appears on the stone,
In characters bold and fair;
But oh! *that* word is of skin and bone!—
"*Starving*" is written there.
Starving, in flourishes chalked on the ground,
Starving in colors so gay,
Like the rich who can revel in luxury round
Our famishing forms of clay.

Starving—starving—starving!
With maddening hunger and cold,
While the holy Bishop is carving
His viands on dishes of gold!
Oh, the shivering wretch may hide his head,
And his eye to hollow and dim,
For life to the fat church livings has fled,
And *Death* may grapple with him.

Oh, land of mockery, wealth, and wo,
A land of riches and rags,
Where the alien rides in pomp and show,
And the *native* starves on the flags!
Mockery—mockery—mockery all!
A land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While *Christians starve on the stones!*

From the Youth's Monthly Visiter.

"In the year 1844, near the city of Louisville, Ky., as the sexton went to open a grave yard, he found there a slave mother digging a grave for her own infant, which, without shroud or coffin, was lying by her on the earth. Her mistress had sent her thus to bury her infant, to save the expense of grave-clothes and coffin!"—[Mr. Needham's Speech in the late Liberty Convention, June 12, 1845.

BY REV. J. BLANCHARD.

AIR:—'*Araby's Daughter.*'

The slavemother leaned on her mattock full weary,
At the grey of the dawn, in that home of the dead:
Where the tall city's shade made each green grave look dreary,
Though spangled with tears which kind nature had shed.
But she recked not that cold dews were falling around her,
Though weary with toil, and though fainting for food,
For the last tie was broke which to feeling had bound her,
And froze e'en the fondness for life in her blood.

II.

Her children, as mothers love, once she had loved them;
But sold were they all save the corpse by her side:
God saw all her fears for her child, and removed them,
And her last pulse of hope with her last babe had died,
O, then, though she knew when its young eyes first met her,
In language of smiles which the lips could not speak,
She thought that its safety in death was far better,
Than the joy she had felt when it breathed on her cheek.

III.

And she prayed, as she turned to her strange task, preparing
The shroudless and coffinless rest for her child,
That soon her torn breast might her babe's sleep be sharing,
Her heart no more rung, and her brain no more wild:
For she said, while around her damp vapors aspirant
Rose chill from the moist turf which covered the grave,
That earth was less cold than the heart of a tyrant,
And death far less drear than the life of a slave.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

And wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man asked of me;
Come walk along with me, said I,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold:
And we were wrapt and coated well,
But yet we felt the cold.

We met an old bare-headed man;
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad,
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed he said,
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore had he come abroad,
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
She begged loud and bold;
And therefore had she come abroad,
When the wind it is so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed;
And, therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back,
Another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there
When the wind it blew so chill,
She turned her head and bade the child,
That screamed behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore, to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye;
Who with the wanton's hollow voice;
Addressed the passer by.

I ask'd her what there was in guilt,
That could her heart allure
To shame disease and late remorse—
She answered, she was poor.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Christian Citizen.

OUR SCHOOLMASTER.

A Story containing a Moral for those who can discover it.

BY S. E. C., OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

AARON HORTON, A. M., was the teacher of our school, and a good old man he was. He was not, it is true, wise above other men, not very clear headed, excepting in Latin and Greek, and Mathematics. He did not seem to know much beyond his vocation—that of teaching the young idea how to shoot into Grammars and Lexicons. He wrote most classically and beautifully, and his pronunciation was without a fault—that must be confessed. He never dreamed—the good old man—that any thing was needed for boys excepting what he was accustomed to teach; and as for their behaving better, he would say, "Don't they now behave as well as boys did when I was a boy?" It was a pattern school! None of the modern follies, rash experiments, and financial notions had crept into it. The good master had a holy horror of all innovations; he loved a quiet life, good living, the prompt pay of the quarter bills; and he was never disturbed or troubled except when the boys happened to behave very much worse, or very much better than was their wont.

Of course he was sadly perplexed one day, when he was told that one of the boys, John Webster, had struck another, Charles Edwards, and Charles had not returned the blow. He could comprehend how it happened that one boy struck another, for that was not uncommon; he had done so himself when at school, and been flogged for it by his master; that was all straight. But the forbearance of Charles—this to him was a mystery!

"I must look into it," says he, "Charles is no coward, I see that by his looks. There is something out of rule in this; I don't recollect such a case; I never even read of such a thing, except among the Quakers, and it can't be that such folly has crept into my school. It would be most disgraceful! Why couldn't these boys have fought it out like men, and kept the whole from my ears!—Now, what to do, puzzles me. I shall have to give the school my notions of what self-defence demands of us; after whipping the boy that fought."

The next morning the school assembled as usual. Every boy was in his place. In walked Master Horton with more than usual dignity. He ascended the desk, opened the Bible, read a chapter, and then prayed, in exactly the same words he had used for his whole school life, finishing with the Lord's prayer, asking forgiveness as we forgive others.

Prayer concluded, he called before him the culprits. John, knowing that all defense was vain, plead guilty in the hope of some mitigation of the punishment: "I thought Charles pushed me, and I struck him, for I was very angry."

"You have done exceedingly wrong," exclaimed Master Horton, "you have broken the law of the school; being angry is no excuse; one wrong does not excuse another." Growing eloquent, he raised his voice, placed himself in an oratorical attitude, and continued: "You know that I have forbidden all quarreling and fighting among my scholars; and as long as I am at the head of the school, I will punish ever boy who strikes another, no matter for what! What is the use of laws which you can break when you please! Prepare for punishment! Some boy there hand me the rod."

Here, Charles Edwards, who up to this time had stood by camly and tranquilly, burst out, "Please forgive him, sir! he did not hurt me; do forgive him!"

"Be silent!" replied the Master; "I have a reckoning with you too, sir."

John's punishment was more severe than usual, for Master Horton was very much excited; but poor John bore it without wincing.

It is supposed by some that a man may become so much accustomed to using the rod, as to be able to use it without being angry, and without getting angry in the process, and may strike with perfect equanimity of temper. Not so, on this occasion at least, with Master Horton. His inward feelings sympathized with the outward act; and after John had been soundly whipped, Master Horton looked as if he would rejoice to have another victim. So he turned towards Charles:

"Now, don't think to impose upon me with your affected kindness. I have dealt with too many boys for that! I *will* know the whole. Now tell me why you did not come to me and complain, when John struck you, or why you did not try to defend yourself? Are you a fool, or a coward!"

"My father," replied Charles, "when he sent me to this school, told me never to fight."

"All right," said the Master; "he is a wise man! I gave the same rule to my scholars. I have just whipped a boy for fighting. But did your father tell you not to defend yourself!"

"Please, sir," said Charles, "he forbade me to strike any one, for any purpose; he told me kindness and forgiveness were the best defense."

"Is your father a fool!" exclaimed the Master "Take your seat."

The master was very angry. The veins in his forehead swelled, and his nostrils were dilated, because of the presumption of the boy in bringing such fanaticism into the school. But very wisely knowing his frailty of old, he dismissed the subject, saying:

"I shall, at the opening of the school this afternoon, explain what is the duty of boys in this matter. Now, attend to your lessons."

In the afternoon he gave us the promised light. When he began his sermon he affected to be very calm; he spoke slowly and emphatically:

"Boys," said he, "you know I am for peace. There is nothing I so much insist upon as that there shall be no fighting among you. Have I not this very morning flogged a boy for striking another! I shall always do so. There must be no fighting while I am master." Here he clenched his fist.—"I should like to catch any of you a fighting. You would have me to reckon with!

"But," he continued, "I have another most solemn duty to perform." Here his voice became subdued and impressive. "I must warn you against the foolish notions which modern fanatics are striving to establish.—What absurdity! They would overthrow all government. Don't you see it? We read of injunctions to fight in the very scriptures!—One great Teacher said if he were of this world he would fight. It is very clear.

"I am for peace; and because I am for peace I cannot let the new fanatical opinions come into my school. War is the world's emphatic curse; and to prevent *war* it is necessary to fight. I mean, to fight sometimes, on proper occasions. My conscience will not permit me to say more in favor of war than this. Nor is it necessary; for you have no temptation to fight, except when you deem it important for you to fight. The cause of Peace is injured by fanaticism! For instance, if I were to tell you *all* lying was wrong, I mean in every case—all *fighting*, I mean—then—I say, then———."

Here the Master got entangled in his own argument, and came to an abrupt stop.

But feeling that something more was necessary, he called up WILLIAM WHITE, and desired him to say what he thought on the subject. Now, William was a very straitforward boy: he was all logic, without the least tact or poetry in his composition; he was the best mathematical scholar in the school. Master Horton made a bad choice, for William had been puzzling his head over the Master's language, and could not make head or tail of it. When ordered, however, he marched down to the desk, and stood like a post, with his mouth open, and his eyes fixed on that of the Master.

"Tell me," said Master Horton, "what I have been saying about war and peace. I know *you* understand me."

"Yes sir; I think you said, fighting was *always wrong*, and—*sometimes*—RIGHT."

"I said no such foolish thing," exclaimed the Master, in a towering passion. "Try again."

William was very anxious to please his Master, and to acquit himself well before his school fellows; so he spoke again with great care and deliberation.

"You meant, sir that war was not always wrong; of that I am certain; and I think you said that it was always unchristian."

The Master was confounded, and lost all his presence of mind; determined to get a proper answer from William, he roared out:

"Sirrah! if you do not immediately give me a proper answer, I will flog you!"

William was frightened, and could not remember a single word the Master had said on the subject, except the last sentence about lying; and the Master's doctrine about war was so puzzling that he thought he would shift the ground:

"Sir, you said that all lying, except when necessary, was very wrong."

At this juncture—the boys could not help it—the whole school broke out into a roar of laughter, and Master Horton, having no other resource, laughed himself.

After the uproar had subsided, Master, Horton remarked that he would more fully explain his opinions on the subject on some future opportunity—but such opportunity never came.

From the Communitist.

TOBACCO.

That this is a powerful stimulant no one I presume will deny. The fact that it is so, is proved beyond a doubt by the effect it has upon an individual when he commences using it. How often do we see the beginner reel and stagger, sicken and vomit, in consequence of its stimulating and poisonous effects! Go into a public house, or any house where there is tobacco smoking, and see the choking and trouble of breathing among those who do not use the poisonous plant. Go into the cabin of a steamboat where there are several smoking, and see those who do not use tobacco, who may chance to go into the room, struggle for breath; and finally, as it stimulates and sickens them, leave to get breath in pure air.

See the effects of it when applied to animals of any kind, in any form; it is sickening and deadening to animal life. Let me ask the observing and reflecting mind, if tobacco does, as we have seen, thus affect animal life, what is it but an *unnatural, stimulating, sickening, deadening narcotic!*

And as it has such a baneful effect upon man and animals, and as many who use the weed know that it deadens their finer feelings, stupifies their memory and reason, and in short, throws their mental and physical organization into an unnatural and consequently, a depraved state—ought not they to speak out, and show to their fellow sufferers the terrible effects it has upon their system! Many have done it, and among these have been distinguished physicians.—What man, knowing the effects of Tobacco will still continue using it, and let his neighbor remain in ignorance of its baneful effects! It is wrong. It is encouraging suicide—It is downright murder by indirect means! Anything taken in the domain of human life over stimulates, or in other words causes the organs either physically or mentally to act beyond their natural functions, influences a relaxed state of them after the stimulation is over; yet it debilitates and weakens their normal strength: and as stimulation causes them to over do, and consequently weakens them, the more they are stimulated, the more they are weakened and depraved, and therefore the sooner worn out; and if they are worn out and life extinguished before nature would direct; then, I ask what can we make of it but a suicidal, murderous act! Can we take any other view of the point at issue! Suicide, is self-murder. Murder, as generally understood, is the act of one or more taking the life of an individual. Now as we have seen that Tobacco shortens a man's life and murders his better nature, what is he who uses the weed but a suicide! and he who helps others to it, but a murderer!

I know these are bold and glaring statements. But we know, suicide, and murder is murder, whether they take place instantly or tardily. To see a man chewing or smoking tobacco, or taking snuff, is bad enough. But to see a woman the ornament of all created things, smoking a pipe or snuffing the the filthy stuff into her head is *horrible!*

I believe Tobacco was made to be eaten by an animal; and what this animal is, is well enough known to tobacco cultivators and those who have been through the fields where it grows. What do you think this animal is? Do you think it is MAN! I will tell you what it is. It is a green worm, which, when full grown, is about the size and length of a man's finger. This worm eats the plant when in its green growing state and grows very fast: yea he is a voracious eater, and causes the tobacco-grower a great deal of trouble. So greedy are these tobacco eaters as often to cause the cultivator to set out the plants three or four times before he can raise a crop.

And man, the "Lord of Creation" condescends to put himself on a level with this worm! No; it is not on a level; it is below the worm for that was made to eat the tobacco plant, which is adapted to his wants; but it is not adapted to the natural wants of man. What! man, "The soul of the world—the intellectual and moral sensorium of nature," stoop so low as to take this worm's daily food from his mouth, cram it into his own, and say it is good, it is sweet, &c.

Now take another view of the subject.—Let us peep into society—take a view of the public and private houses. Go we into a meeting house, and what do we see! Ah, many a tongue is ready to exclaim—there have been tobacco chewers here, and they have spit their tobacco juice all over the house! What miserable scenery! It looks more fit for a pandemonium than for a house of worship! Go we into the tavern we behold the same. Go we into private houses, or where we will, if tobacco chewers are constantly around, we see the stain of its juice.

What think you "ye daughters of Zion" of this filthy practice! Are you fond of having young men come near you, whose mouths are stuffed with tobacco, and lips stained with its juice, and whose breath is saturated with its disagreeable odor! Do you like the fumes of a segar! How delightful it must be to your sense of smell!

And on the other hand, what think you young men—"Ye gallant sons of liberty," of young women who take snuff! Think you they are better for so doing! or their heads any clearer! Were you all of mind, one short word would answer these questions.

I appeal to you all to bear me witness, if Tobacco, as used by man and woman at the present day, is not one of the most inconvenient, filthy, deadening narcotics that mankind are in the habit of using!

One word more—Ye who have your health—who strive for happiness, think of these things; and see for yourselves if there is any truth in the foregoing; and if you can profit by any thing that has been said, do so; if not, do as you see fit to do; for all that has been said, you have gratuitously—"Without money and without price."

G. W. ROLLINS.

ENGLISH BEGGING.

BRYANT, the poet of whom America may be proud, is travelling in Europe. The New York Evening Post contains frequent letters from his brilliant pen. He graphically describes some of the workings of the "peculiar institutions" of Great Britain, for John Bull, as well as Jonathan, has them. Oh! the misery and starvation which falls upon the millions in that country.—It is the legitimate fruits of the present property arrangements which obtains, in this country in full force and must soon produce the frightful results, as certainly, as like causes produce like effects.

We copy the following from the Post, and regret that the limits of our paper will not allow us to publish the letters in extenso:

—"Begging is refused by the new police regulations in London, and want skulks in holes and corners, and prefers its petitions where it cannot be overheard by men armed with the authority of the law. There is a great deal of famine in London, (said a friend to me the other day,) but the police regulations drive it out of sight. As I was going through Oxford street lately, I saw an elderly man of small statue, poorly dressed, with a mahogany complexion: walking slowly before me. As I passed him he said in my ear, with a hollow voice, "I am starving to death with hunger," and these words and that hollow voice sounded in my ear all that day.

"Walking on Hamstead Heath a day or two since, with an English friend, we were accosted by two laborers, who were sitting on a bank, and who said that they had come to that neighborhood in search of employment in hay making but had not been able to get either employment or food. My friend appeared to distrust their story. But in the evening, as we were walking home, we passed a company of some four or five laborers in flocks, with bludgeons in their hands, who asked us for something to eat. 'You see how it is gentlemen,' said one of them, 'we are strong; we have come for work, and nobody will hire us; we have had nothing to eat all day.' Their tone was dissatisfied, almost menacing; and the Englishman who was with us referred to it several times afterwards with an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"I hear it often remarked here, that the difference of condition between the poorer and richer classes becomes greater every day, and what the end will be, the wisest pretend not to foresee.

Reform in Written Language.—We have published from time to time, brief notices of the great improvement claimed to have been recently made in Written Language, or the communication of ideas by characters which has been entitled PHONOGRAPHY. We have not found time to obtain even an imperfect acquaintance with it, and can give but a crude idea of its principal features. Phonography implies the *writing according to sound*, rejecting the arbitrary characters heretofore employed. The Phonographic Alphabet consisting of some forty characters, *each representing one distinct sound & no other*, making bad spelling & mispronunciation impossible. The imperfections of our present mode of writing are glaring and pernicious. The letter A has several different sounds—the learner must guess which of them is right in the lesson before him—the letter C has no distinct sound at all, no use in the language except as an ornamental. The best scholar does not know how he should pronounce *read, lead,* and many other words, until he has glanced along the line to see what the word *means*; which it ought of itself to indicate. Phonography obviates all these defects, so that (a well informed friend assures us) a child or ignorant person may learn to read well (spelling included) in two or three weeks at farthest.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A GOOD REMARK.—The Boston Courier says "Aaron Burr DIED a Christian, according to the New York Times. So much the better for himself. If he had lived a Christian, how much better would it have been for the world."

BOLD FIGURE OF SPEECH.—At the great council of the Seneca Nation, held last week near Buffalo, the subject of removing these Indians across the Mississippi being under discussion, several chiefs insisted that the whites had not kept to the terms they promised to the bands of Iroquois, which had already migrated to Green Bay, from this State. One Indian speaker, *John Mitten*, said "that he wished to remain near the graves of his red fathers, till the Great Spirit called him home; that he had not confidence in his white fathers; why should he have? *His white fathers had murdered their Savior, and what kind of treatment could a poor Indian expect from men who had killed the son of God?*"

He who is anxious to know what others say of him destroys his own peace.